WITH SINEWS TOUGH AS STEEL

Hardy Amateurs Whose Ambition Is to Excel in Deeds of Manly Daring and Reap Their Due Reward.

SPORT'S INVITING ARENA

Athletic Clubs with Attractions That Never Tire and Members That Do Their Best to Bent Past Records.

BOWLING, BOXING AND GYMNASTICS.



XCITING as summer athletic contests may be when the bright sun is shining, still, the winter indoor sports attract numerous devotees. Ama-

in manly pastimes are keeping in condition for the coming big indoor contests. It is never wise to get out of training, but still it is always unwise to train too much.

A man's health is too precious to waste on the ephemeral chance of winning a cup, and the Henaup advises the too enthusiastic followers of athletics from injudicious work. The recent example of a celebrated runner who has been forced to retire from the arena should warn his admirers from too much exertion. Young men are rather apt to unduly exert themselves. A word of warning is good enough for the wise. Meanwhile the great games of the Amateur Athletic Union, the contests of the Boston Athletic Association and the Buffalo Athletic Club competitions, as well as other events, will put our amateurs on their mettle and impel them to feats of more magnificent prowess. Bowlers are still doing their level hest. Boxers and wrestlers were never in finer form. From all other branches of smateur sports gratifying reports are received and the HERALD is delighted to chronicle the successful efforts of men in those phases of physical culture which it has always tried to encourage and

ATHLETIC FIXTURES.

ni. Standard A.C. boxing tournament. Boston A.A. open sparring tournament. Sylvan A.C. athletic entertainment. -Eavenswood Boat Club boxing tourna-

ATHLETES COMPETING INDOORS. MANY CRACKS AT WORK GETTING INTO SSAPE FOR COMING EVENTS.

AMATEUR EXPONENTS OF THE MANLY ART TRAIN-ING FOR MANY TOURNEYS.

CHERRY DIAMOND TALK. NOTES AND NEWS ABOUT THE MEMBERS OF

HELTER-SKELTER GO THE PINS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AMATEUR BOXER

Instances Where the Utility of the Art of Self-Defence Was Proved.

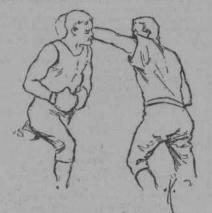
HINTS FOR MANLY LEARNERS

Old Time Boxers and Boxing Bouts Pictured by Douglas Moffat

During my school days I went to a circus, where saw the redoubtable Tom Sayers have the gloves on with Broome, also a famous pogilist, and was much impressed by the great case with which he landed remrkably heavy blows with lightninglike rapidity with both hands, especially the right, which he used with telling effect, and apparently without an effort. I

This exhibition gave me my first taste of boxing. It took place just before the holidays; and as soon of gloves. Having obtained these I made his butler put them on with me every day. He was a very of age, and well made, and being a tectotaller was entirely free from that central development of flesh ance common to his kind. Had his boxing powers been equal to his activity he would have been a fors comic manner, kept his elbows out, generally led off with the right, and always hit round.

When I went to Oxford I became a constant pupil of Tom Evans, a retired prize fighter of the old school who had a room in St. Aldates. He was very popular with the undergraduates, and a good on certain points, the chief of which was that he had a great objection to his pupils using the right to hit for beginners to adopt during the first few menths or even the first year of tuition, but it is undoubtedly a practice. One of the most useful things in a competition is to wait until your adversary's left is head gently to the left, hit with the right. It is better to have two hands to hit with than one, and ness ought to be able to use both hands with little



TOM SAYERS AND BROOME FIGHTING. I had seen Tom Sayers do it, and was de ermined to try it myself.

ENFORCING A PRINCIPLE. At first it was not very successful, as the wily took to feinting with his left or making a light hit with it when almost out of distance, and then quickly

ing and good tempered except when his great rule of not hitting with the right was broken. But then he would tack in his lip in a way peculiar to himself, and look vicious.

Boxing was at the height of its popularity at Oxford as well as at Cambridge in those days. Being very keen about it, I of course entered for the competitions at Oxford; and I well remember Tom Evans, as he helped me on with the gloves before my first bout, saying to me in a pleading voice:—

"Now sir, don't use that right of yours for hitting."

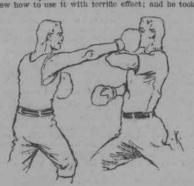
But I did use it, and kept using it on all the competitions. And pretty stiff work it was, too, each bout consisting of three rounds of five minutes each, and this against such opponents, among others, as Ainslie, Michell and Streatfield, with each of whom I had to box individually.

Michell, though less showy than some boxers was always thay and gave me plonty of work.

Ainslie, however, was the most formidable opponent it has ever been my lot to encounter; he was an exceptionally quida hitter, about five feet eleven in height, with long arms, and was remarkably cool and self possessed, never losing his head or his temper. At the end of the third round he landed the hottess blow I have ever received from either anateur or professional; I received it on the nose, and spin beackward several yards feeling quite stumned; at the same moment, fortunately for me, time was called.

Bob Brettle, who was judging, ordered a fourth round; but Tom Evans, looking at my daminged organ, ensanguined fersey—which a few minutes previously was of a spotless white—said mournfully:—

"Yos," I replied; and we went at it again for another five minutes, at the end of which time being proclaimed the winner, I had a rapid wesh, domned another white fersey, and after a rest of a quarter of an hour, proceeded to tackle Streatfield, who had scored an easy win against the last man he was drawn with and was comparatively fresh; however, he did not give me the same trouble as Ainslie, and proved to be a much less formidable adver





way across the road his cap was knocked off his he he was hustled about and then knocked down from bind. It was the work of an lustant for us to i out to his rescue and we forced our way to him in time to prevent him from receiving a kick on head from a ruffian whom we premptly knocked do



HE ADMINISTERED PUNISHMENT TO THE BARGER,

while several of his cowardly companions shared the same fate in less time than it takes to tell it.

Having escorted the solitary one in asfety back to his college we turned and commenced to force our way back through the mob, who thought it prudent to make way for us, but tried to lit us from behind. Turning every now and then to administer the necessary punishment, we made our way along the High street and turned down St. Alfgates toward Christ Church. This street was througed with roughs, and a little way down we caught sight of Ainsile standing with his back to the wail. We saw his left shoot out straight from the shoulder and simultaneously a big fustian clad ruffian flow backward as if he had been kicked by a horse, and measured his length in the road, then in an instant we saw his right shoot in similar fashion, producing a similar effect on another fustian clad one; by this time we had reached the spot where he stood; he joined us, and we made our way toward Tom Gate, where there seemed to be a great tumult.

Charging through the mob we found in front of the gate about fourteen or fifteen muscular undergraduates ongaged in a stand up fight with the mob, who seemed to have some awkward looking customers among them, several of them having the appearance of puglists who had turned up for the occasion.

Our advent created a diversion, and during the hill the well known face of the greatest ruffian in the town, who was known by the name of Oxford George, appeared in the front rank of the coemy. It was he who had collected his brother ruffians to give the undergraduates a thrushing; he had a loud voice and we heard him shout as he looked toward us and his eye fell on the Duke of Hamilton—

"Spare His Blessed Grace, but kill all the rest of the missing to the present be-

been thin short as he looked toward as and his systell on the Duke of Hamilton—
"Spare His Blessed Graco, but kill all ruffin. After the space he retired between the space he said;

sp at his port who and smiled—he was thinking perhaps of the show with which be knocked Maco cut of time; then after a pause he said;—
"Don't blow your nose for a week and you will be all right.

We had a real fight then, about live down blows of which the mob were receivers general, the igniting and plenty of kincke down blows of which the mob were receivers general, the igniting and plenty of kincke down blows of which the mob were receivers general, the igniting and with the special post of the space and the beat with the special post of the space and the space and the beat with the special post of the space and the space and the special post of our little party and hit him on the back of the flow of the flowing the special post of our little party and hit him on the back of the great party and hit him of the special post of our little party and hit him of the special post of the special post of our little party and hit him of the special post of our little party and hit him of the special post of our little party and hit him of the beat of the post of the beat him down and exists him of the beat of the post of the special post of the little and plenty and hit him of the special post of the special post of the special post of the post of the beat with the uplitted foot of ignoming dismissed him of the beat work in the post of the post o

A CHESS STAR

TOUNG AND PRETTY MISS BAIRD'S PROBLEM CREATES A SENSATION.

Some six months ago quite a sensation was Some six months ago quite a sensestion was created in chess circles by the appearance upon the chees firmament of a bright little star, which brought a pleasurable sensation to the hearts of many tough oid campaigners upon the checkered field of warfare. There was nothing of a brilliant or dazzling character about this new orb—just a gentle, kindly beam of light was thrown out by it over the face of the styrner and more real phases of chess life, and the very delicacy and innocence of its rays were its greatest charm. To cast metaphor aside, a child of nine years composed her first chess problem, which was published in almost every recognized chess magazine and newspaper chess column the world over. A very simple problem, true, but the sentiment which at once fastened round it was delightful.

Little Litian Baird, the daughter of Mrs. J. W. Baird, who is everywhere known as a clever problemist, was the author of this novel feeling among chess players, and she has since made further contributions, which, of course, nobody expects to rank with the masterly productions of the suicide, firmshaw, but which are given to the world in company with such naive little letters that, if for no other reason, they are well worthy of reproduction. When she sent her first composition to an English contemporary she took care to tell the editor that she had declined the profiered services of her mother as correcting critic, because such scrutny robbed the tash of its biggest charm. Becently she favored the Fisch with one of her problems and the editor of that journal with a brief and modest epistle. Here are both the problem and the letter:—

BLACK—SIX PIECES. created in chess circles by the appearance upon

